TCU Skiff
etCetera
September 21, 1981

My heroes have always been Indians...

By Susie Bridges

The rodeo arena was typically hot and dusty.

Young men hung out at the chutes, each waiting for his turn to compete. The crowd in the stands waited for the show to begin.

But there were no bulls to ride, no calves to rope, no steers to wrestle.

And the young men weren't cowboys.

They were Indians, over 100 of them, together for the 11th Annual National Championship Pow Wow at the Trader's Village arena in Grand Prairie.

The Indians, representing dozens of tribes from across the nation, competed in 11 dance categories. They came together, many said, to preserve Indian traditions and to promote good will among the people of different tribes.

The men wore fans of feathers, bright face paint, leather moccasins and bells.

Many chests, arms and legs were bare except for feathers, braids and bands.

The women wore long-sleeved cloth or buckskin dresses, often wrapping thick shawls about their shoulders. Their thick black hair was braided and tied tightly with leather staps and feathers.

On their waists they wore six-inch leather belts, decorated with shiny silver conchos and brads. And they walked 10 paces behind the men as Indian tradition demanded.

The dances of the men and women varied as much as their costumes.

The women only shuffled their feet, slightly bending their knees and bobbing their heads. And they were silent.

The men, doing fancy war dances, darted, jumped, twisted, spun, kicked, bent and yelled.

But not all the Indians at the Pow Wow danced.

Near the arena, a giant circus-like tent covered booths of Indian arts, crafts and lore.

Common "real Indian" turquoise and silver jewelry, bead work, feather work, pottery and leather were everywhere. But a unique Indian trade – and tradesman – could also be found.

Amid the noise and commercialism of the trade fair a gray-headed Indian peacefully played a wooden flute he had carved by hand.

"I'm Woodrow Haney . . . Woodrow, as in Woodrow Wilson. Ever heard of him?" The Indian laughed, showing yellowed teeth and a toothless spot in his grin.

Haney, a member of the Seminole-Creek tribe and a current resident of Tulsa, Okla., said he is one of only three remaining professional Indian flute players.

He makes the flutes for his own use and to sell for at least $200. He also teaches classes on flute carving and playing.

Haney has been on television programs demonstrating how he carves the flutes from redwood and cedar.

The public sales of the ancient Indian instrument have caused Haney some problems.

"The old-timers said if I made too many they'd be a toy, and not sacred anymore," he said.

He explained the flute's parts and their significance.

"The top hole is the Great Spirit, and the second hole is the Mother Earth," he said. "The next four holes are the four seasons, the four directions, the four Great Spirits.

"As long as people remember that, it (the flute) will be sacred," he said.

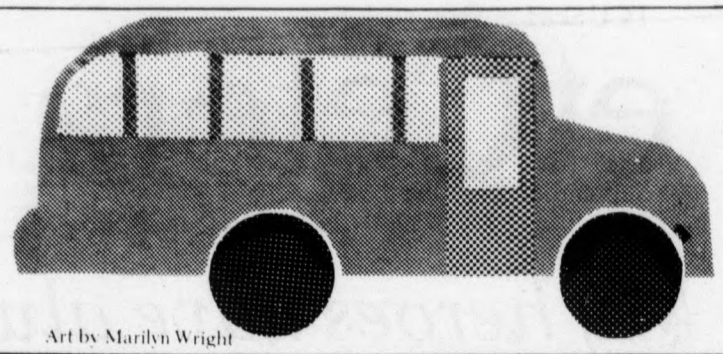
Haney has given theatrical performances as well as musical concerts.

He played the title role in a play based on the life of Chief Joseph, the chief of the Nez Perce Indians.

(See Heroes, page 3)

Cover Photo By Susie Bridges

Downtown via the E-1 TCU



Art by Marilyn Wright

By Neil Daniel

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of articles on Fort Worth about things to see and places to go. Although intended primarily for students new to the area, it should prove of interest to natives as well. It will concentrate on sights and sites that are free or nearly so, and those places that can be reached by foot, by bicycle or by bus.

Next to learning how to do your laundry, how to balance a checkbook and how to say no when you discover that at least two of your friends are going out every night, the most important thing a college student can learn about living away from home is how to ride the city bus.

Students from Chicago or New York may not need lessons so acutely as those from Wink or Muleshoe, or even those from Tyler or San Angelo.

But it never hurts, when you are in a strange city, to find out what public transportation is available, where you can get it and when.

Even if you cared for your car and wouldn't willingly walk as far as Abernathy's for a free drink, it is wise to know the public transit system.

You can never tell when you will be forced to rely on public wheels because your own have fallen apart.

You will discover that it is more convenient, even cheaper, to take the city bus to some parts of town.

For example, no one in their right mind would drive to downtown Fort Worth in the daytime these days. Not because downtown Fort Worth is all that busy; compared with Dallas or Houston, Fort Worth is still a cow pasture with a four-lane running through.

But the streets are torn up.

Going north on Commerce or Jones the traffic is funneled into one lane, where it tip-toes around a building excavation. Trying to skim past the courthouse, going west on Belknap, four lanes of rush hour traffic are confined to two.

And Main Street – forget it. The only movement on Main Street is laborers in hard hats walking from one construction site to another.

But that's all right. Because you can get downtown by bus.

All it takes is 60 cents exact change and knowing what bus to catch where.

Two buses pass through TCU campus, north on University, headed toward downtown. The Mid City Loop (West on Berry) runs every 35 minutes on weekdays; the E-1 TCU comes by every 30 minutes. If you sit at the shelter in front of the library, you seldom have to wait more than 15 minutes.

Those who are planners and want to know when the next bus is scheduled to come by can call Citran, 870-6200. (If you forget the number, Citran is listed in the blue pages of the phone book as a government agency of the City of Fort Worth.)

The route of the Mid City Loop (West on Berry) is not interesting. It goes north on University to 7th Street, then takes a right and heads straight into town. It passes some important places – the Zoo, the Botanic Garden, Trinity Park, and the museum complex (we'll come back to those some other day) – but I find more to look at on the other bus, the E-1 TCU.

When it gets north of campus on University Drive, the E-1 TCU zigs right on Park Hill, zags left on Forest Park, and continues to zig-zag east and north the rest of the way downtown.

It passes some pleasant residential areas, Medford Court and Berkley, and it dips into the hospital district as it goes along Rosedale, 8th Avenue and Pennsylvania.

Lots to see.

Going north on Forest Park, for example, when you get to Park Place, you have a look at the old towers that were the gate to Forest Park – built in the twenties, recently sand blasted and cleaned up, with a new coat of bright red paint on their caps.

As you head north on Rosedale, then 8th Avenue, nearing Pennsylvania, look on both sides. Some great old homes of about World War I vintage have been converted to commercial purposes.

On the left are Amber's, a pleasant sandwich shop that has a good lunch hour traffic, and First City Savings Association, housed in one of the most carefully restored homes in the area. Just around the corner on Pennsylvania, look to your right to see Thistle Hill, the old Scott mansion, recently saved from the grasp of commercial progress and even now being restored to a semblance of its 1890s elegance.

As the bus heads north on Summit and crosses the East-West Freeway, you get the heavenly smell of Mrs. Baird's Bakery, your first good view of downtown Fort Worth – its skyline in flux, great cranes perched atop buildings like creatures from a grade B monster movie – and to the left, if you swing your head fast enough, a really fine view of the Trinity Valley.

The area that you enter when you cross the Freeway is interesting – the best sunset in Fort Worth, some restored old homes, a Cistercian monastery, and one of the quainest, most secluded residential streets in the city.

We'll save the sights of Summit for another day, another trip.

Right at the moment, Summit Street is torn up something awful while the city does repairs. You'll be more comfortable in the bus than you would be in your car.

Off Summit and heading east on Texas there isn't much to look for. The Central Fire Station sits at the corner of Texas and Cherry, but it, too, is a place to visit separately because you can't see what it offers from the window of a bus.

You have to get off and walk through the old building.

When the bus gets to downtown, it turns north on Throckmorton. Throckmorton in Fort Worth is Bus Street.

All the buses in the city end up on Throckmorton sooner or later. If you want to go out to the North Side and see the Stockyards area, this is where you transfer. Catch a Rosen Heights bus or a Diamond Hill.

Here also is where you would transfer for Ridgmar Mall, East Lancaster or Peter Smith Hospital or anywhere else in town.

Bus riders in Fort Worth may find it useful to know that anywhere in the city, you can get on any bus and end up eventually on Throckmorton in downtown Fort Worth.

From there you can transfer to a bus you know. There's no way to be lost for very long.

If you are going downtown from TCU, I recommend that you get off at 5th or 4th. Directly across the street, between 4th and 5th, is the Fort Worth National Bank, worth a visit no matter where you are going.

It is recognizable from the street because it is glass and because of the orange sculpture, the Ben Calder Eagle, that perches on the sidewalk on the corner of 4th and Throckmorton.

Enter the bank and tour the ground-level promenade that circles the central column of the building. The banking floor is below you 20 feet or so, and you can look over it as you walk around the promenade.

To your right as you enter from Throckmorton is a tall sculpture fountain that rises from the banking floor and soars above you to the third floor, a tall square cylinder with water running down the sides in an unbroken sheet.

On the inside of the promenade, to your left as you start around, is a giant tapestry made up of small patches of woven fabric.

From the promenade at ground level, you'll notice that on the floor below there are niches in the outside wall every 30 feet or so. These appear to be entrances to a back room important to banking business. But in each niche there is a piece of metal sculpture attractively mounted on a pedestal and carefully lighted.

Making the circle, you see perhaps a dozen of these sculptures, each one different, each one attractive.

A similar tour is available on the third floor, where the Overlook restaurant features seating around the perimeter of a circle above the banking floor. Because the walls of the bank are glass, you can also look over the streets of downtown Fort Worth.

From Throckmorton Street in the middle of downtown it is only two short blocks east to Main Street. On Main, between 3rd and 2nd Streets, is Sundance Square, only partially completed but already fast becoming the principal tourist attraction of the city.

Presided over by Tarrant County Courthouse, a prize specimen among those 1890s courthouses that decorate nearly every county seat in the Middle West, Sundance Square is getting older and newer almost every day.

Great old buildings like the Knights of Pithias Building on the corner of 3rd and Main, and the Land Title Building (housing Daddios) at 3rd and Commerce, are being restored and redeveloped to house restaurants, hotels and shops attractive to tourists.

The brick street is being repaired and re-laid; old-timey street lights and small trees are going up.

One day, all of Main Street, from the Courthouse south to the Convention Center, will be a tourist center.

At the south end, beyond the convention center, are the Water Gardens. I'd suggest a separate trip, a picnic, and a couple of hours for exploration.

At the north end, on the other side of the Courthouse, is Heritage park, another construction of concrete and running water, with a path that will take you down to the Trinity River, a bike trail, canoeing, hiking, and the Tandy Center parking lot.

There is plenty to explore in downtown Fort Worth – less famous, at the moment, than the Stockyards area and the North Side, but in many ways as historic and interesting.

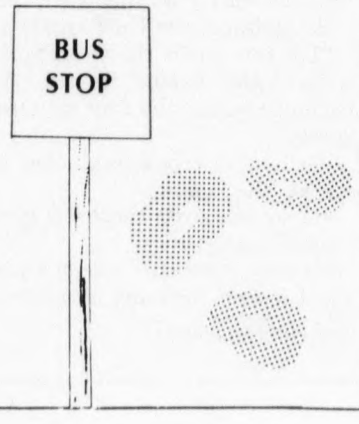
In the daytime you should take the bus and do downtown on foot. But keep your eye on the clock if you do.

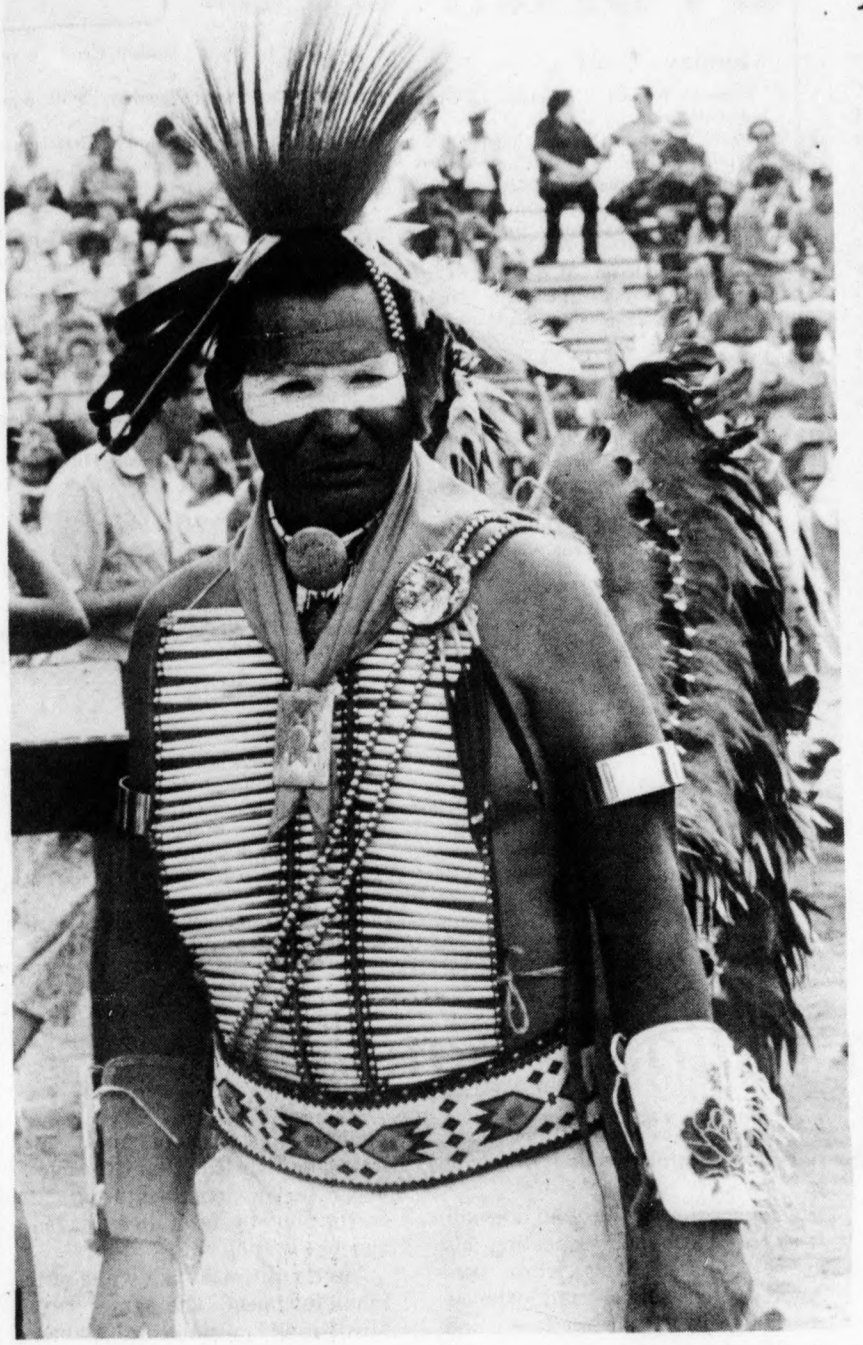
The bus stops running back to TCU around 7 p.m.

After 6 p.m., however, you can drive to downtown Fort Worth. The streets are still torn up and there are roadblocks here and there, but the traffic has all gone home.

And if you're careful, you won't fall in a hole.

Daniel is an associate professor of English. etC.





Heroes

(Continued from page 1)

In addition to acting, Haney wrote "The Indian Christmas" for theater, a play he produced and directed for 12 years.

"I turned Mary and Joseph into Indians," he said, telling how Mary had to walk 10 paces behind Joseph.

The three wise men were transformed into wise chiefs from various American Indian tribes. The shepherds were made into a hunting party with bows and tomahawks.

But the craftsman knows more than the Indian way of life.

Haney, 63, was in the ministry of the United Methodist Church for 23 years. He said he spoke annually in the 1940s at the Lovers Lane Methodist Church in Dallas. "They're my people," he said of the parish officials of that time.

The Indian is also the father of five children. Their upbringing has included both Indian and white teachings, he said.

"I told my sons, 'I'll teach you Indian, but you are going to have to learn to play a different game,'" said Haney.

"Learn to play that way (by white man's rule) and this way (by Indian rule), and you'll be the best ballplayer in the game," Haney said he told his boys.

He spoke with confidence and immodesty, insinuating that he viewed himself as the best ballplayer in the game.

Haney said he isn't just an actor, writer, silversmith, leatherworker, musician and teacher.

He described himself as a storyteller of "spicy" tales.

And a storyteller he is.

He told tales of his father, Wally Haney, and Chief Crazy Snake, a chief in Oklahoma.

The American government gave Chief Crazy Snake, after having driven his tribe further and further west, a section of land for Indian territory.

The chief established his own laws, churches and schools.

Chief Crazy Snake led his braves in an uprising when whites settled in the Indian territory, only to be captured and jailed by the federal cavalry.

Bureaucrats offered Chief Crazy Snake money and told him he could keep the best section of land for himself if he would allow whites to settle on the reservation.

He refused, and died a pauper.

Haney said he admired Chief Crazy Snake's resolution in refusing to sacrifice his culture. But he added, "Indians wouldn't go through that now, because now we've learned the white man's ways."

Haney's father Wally, like Crazy Snake, found living by the white man's rules difficult.

Wally met up with Emit Dalton while imprisoned at the turn of the century. Dalton, one of the infamous outlaw Dalton brothers, served time with Wally at Leavenworth prison in Kansas.

Haney told more of his family history. His mother married at age 16. She gave birth to 17 children, only seven of which survived.

He said his great-grandfather was a medicine man who traveled the Trail of Tears, a westward march forced on the Indians by President Andrew Jackson in the 1830s.

Haney said he has adjusted himself to American society. "It's white man's rule. This is his world now."

But his heroes have always been **Indians.** etC.

Cover: *R.G. Harris, a Ponca Indian from Oklahoma, concludes a dance.*
Above: *An Indian Fancy Dancer rests between competitions.*
Right: *Head Man Dancer Vincent Pocowatchit, a Comanche Indian from Oklahoma, leads the grand entry processional.*
Below: *Woodrow Haney, a Seminole-Creek Indian, plays a wooden flute he carved from redwood.*

Photos by Lyle McBride

Area theaters offer variety

Theater lovers in the Fort Worth-Dallas area should have a delicious time deciding what to see during the upcoming season.

Certainly, there's no shortage of plays in the area. Jerry Russell's successful Stage West continues with the musical "Company."

It will be followed by "The Man in the Glass Booth," Oct. 22-Nov. 21; "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off," Dec. 3-Jan. 9; "Absurd Person Singular," Jan. 21-Feb. 27; "Lenny," March 11-April 10; Tally's Folly," April 22-May 29; "Major Barbara," June 10-July 10; "The Canterbury Tales," July 22-Aug. 28; and "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" Sept. 9-Oct. 9.

Fort Worth Theater opens its new season Sept. 17 with "Da," scheduled to run through Sept. 26.

The season will continue with "Never Too Late," Nov. 12-21; "Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander," Feb. 25-March 6; "Chapter Two," April 15-24; and "The Gin Game," June 3-12.

Dallas Theater Center opens its doors Oct. 13 with "War and Peace." The season will also include "Tintypes," "Of Mice and Men," "Tartuffe," "Black Coffee" and "The Gin Game."

Theater Arlington (the new name for Arlington Community Theater) continues running "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" weekends through Oct. 3.

If dinner theater is your bag--complete with big name entertainment--then there's no better this side of Las Vegas than the Venetian Room in downtown Dallas' Fairmont Hotel.

Be forewarned that you pay and pay dearly for the food and the shows. But it's usually worth every penny.

The room is plush, the atmosphere sedate and genteel. The usually good food is French-like, the service usually appropriate.

The shows themselves are a hodgepodge of entertainer types--all the way from extreme country to '40s pop and '50s rock'n'roll to today-type comedians, singers, dancers and mimes.

Yes, mimes. Shields and Yarnell will play the room Sept. 28-Oct. 10.

Preceding them and now playing through Sept. 26 is dynamite entertainer Tina Turner (sans her Ike).

You haven't seen an entertainer parlay her whole body and soul--and energy--into an act until you've seen Miss T in person. *etC.*

events etC.

Monday 21

"Works by Women," Collection of the Gihon Foundation, art by Georgia O'Keefe, Mary Cassatt and Helen Frankenthaler. Opening reception 4:30 p.m., Student Center Gallery.

LectureRecital, Guest artist Maurice Hinson, 10 a.m., Ed Landreth Auditorium. Master class in American music for pre-college students, 1 p.m.

American Keyboard Music Fest, Organ recital of American music by Michael Bedford, 3 p.m. Ed Landreth Auditorium.

Tuesday 22

Marson Oriental Exhibition and Sale, Student Center Lobby.

BSU, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Young Life, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 20.

Vocational Homemaking Teachers Assoc. of Texas, 6:30, Bass Living Room.

TCU College Republicans, organizational meeting, 6:30, Student Center Room 203.

Wednesday 23

Unity Chapel, 7 p.m., Robert Carr Chapel.

University Chapel, noon, Robert Carr Chapel.

Forums, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 214.

Wednesday Night Bible Study, 8 p.m., Student Center Room 207.

Thursday 24

Career Planning and Placement Senior Seminar, 4 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Forums Guest Lecturer, Frederick Storaska, discussing rape, 8 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Campus Crusade fraternity and sorority breakfast, 8 a.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Flying Club, 5 p.m., Student Center Room 202.

Nurse's Christian Fellowship, 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 215.

Campus Crusade Concert, Phi Delt House, 8:30 p.m., open to everyone.

Saturday 25

Film, "All the President's Men," 5, 12 p.m.; "The Graduate," 8 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.

Hideaway, Barry Drake, 8 p.m.

Pops Choral Concert, 8 p.m., Ed Landreth Auditorium, tickets, $2.

Last day to withdraw from class and receive a 25 percent tuition refund.

Last day for electing pass-no credit grading system.

Campus Crusade Fall Retreat, Hilton Inn, $30 weekend.

Saturday 26

Football, TCU vs. SMU, 7:30 p.m., Amon Carter Stadium.

BSU after game fellowship.

Chinese Bible Study, 7:30 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Monday 28

Brown Bag Series, Kimbell Museum Curator Edward Pillsbury discussing "Theory and Practice of Connoisseurship," noon, Gallery.

Faculty Chamber Music Society Concert, 8 p.m. Ed Landreth Auditorium.

Panhellenic, 3 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Interfraternity Council, 3 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

'Southern Voice' doesn't shout 'South'

By RoseAnn Rolfes

The American South has traditionally been seen as a unique segment of the world.

The South has evolved into a distinct land where "y'all" is a word, everyone has eaten biscuits with gravy, and the state of Texas has its own "national beer."

A sense of pride has developed in southerners, a pride most of them try not to hide.

Visiting the Fort Worth Art Museum's current exhibit, "The Southern Voice," a person might expect a collection of items characteristic of the South and Southwest--barbed wire, cowboy boots, oranges, picket fences, cotton, armadillos--anything that shouts "SOUTH."

Knowing that the artists involved are Terry Allen, born and raised in Lubbock, Texas; Vernon Fisher, a Fort Worth native, and Ed McGowin, from Hattiesburg, Miss., says a lot.

Unlike what may be expected, the exhibit is not a lesson on where the Mason-Dixon line can be drawn.

All three artists are "storytellers," another reason the southerners were asked to work together on the exhibit.

Despite the title of the exhibit and the artists' southern connections, the story they tell in the exhibit is universal.

McGowin's narrative "John and Sarah inscape" consists of an aluminum-colored cube about eight feet on each side. Around the cube large reproductions of photographs depict a man and woman named John and Sarah and their children. The pictures lead the viewer chronologically through John's life, his courtship and marriage to Sarah, and the birth and early lives of their children.

The box has plastic panels cut into two sides where a viewer can peek into a miniature, simplified room which the couple's life occupies. In the middle of the room a golden cake floats, its layers of sugary sweet icing spelling out the word "Happy."

John and Sarah's state of happiness is on the surface, however.

The entire piece resembles a small trailer set temporarily on a solid base. It appears as if John and Sarah's trailer were purposely put on display in hope of securing their happiness in the viewer's eye.

The pictures are reproductions of reproductions, as if John and Mary's happiness rests in memories of past joys. Inside, the room actually looks empty, and the golden "Happy" cake is clearly fake.

Heisenberg, A Love Story, by Vernon Fisher, comes closer to the conventional narrative than the works of either McGowin or Allen by the use of verbal story lines.

Fisher's work in the exhibit extends over four walls. On each wall is a short story written upon an appropriate painting.

The largest wall, a pastel lunar scape, follows a love story from its beginning to empty end.

The opposite walls have three narratives, jointly called *Breaking the Code*.

One describes a wife who does not trust her husband, suspecting his every minute away from her. Another tells of a man who is searching for the answer to a game he played as a child.

The third story is of a woman trying to decipher strangely typed letters from a blind friend.

None of the characters of the trilogy can break the code.

The love story is joined to the trilogy by Heisenberg's "Uncertainty" principle, which Fisher translates as, "You can have it as long as you don't want it."

Is romantic love just another code that cannot be broken?

The exhibit then moves into a separate gallery, with Terry Allen's *Onxithopere (The Devil's Condo)*.

This sculptural piece is a large chicken-wire cage, housing three live white chickens and two live black crows.

The white and black birds, contrasting each other, represent the age old conflict of good against evil.

A farm yard is recreated with pebbles and sand on one end of the cage. Here the chickens are confined to walk and eat.

On the other end of the cage, platforms are elevated for the crows. They are allowed to fly into the farm yard--evil entering the territory of good.

On the platforms, Allen placed a number of statues or small stage sets. One, labeled "Vanity Angel," may be a comment on the corruption of good. Can a heavenly angel be sinfully vain?

"States of Grace" is a scene of the Final Judgment. The names Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama are printed on the four corners of the firy scene.

This is a statement against self-justification and quick judgment of others, rather than a direct statement against these states.

Terry Allen, Vernon Fisher, and Ed McGowin are all southern narrative artists, yet they are very different in style.

McGowin uses sculpture and photographic images in his storytelling. His emphasis is on the family--not just a southern family, but any family.

Fisher paints and uses words. He illustrates the confusion and doubt experienced by children and adults in love, friendship and play. He also comments on the desire to ease the confusion.

Allen uses props, sculpture, and live animals to narrate the fundamental problem of good and evil.

Each artist's work has individual merit. However, "The Southern Voice" is most effective when viewed as a whole.

Separately, these artists' works have individual strength. As an exhibit, they press into the universal.

However basic, "The Southern Voice" is unified. *etC.*